
 THE
 POCKET
 ARMENIAN

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Spring 1901

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?

Austria (Darden): F Tri-Alb; A Bud-Ser; A Vie-Gal
 England (Kellogg): F Lon-Nth; F Edi-Nwg; A Lvp-Yor
 France (Gruen): A Par-Pic; A Mar-Spa; F Bre-Mid
 Germany (Barlow): F Kie-Den; A Mun-Ruh; A Ber-Kie
 Italy (Bean): A Rom-Apu; A Ven H; F Nap-Ion
 Russia (Gildroy): A War-Gal; F Sey-Bla; A Mos-Ukr; F StP(sc)-Bot
 Turkey (Moore): F Ank-Bla; A Smy-Con; A Con-Bul

Substitute Gamemaster for this season was Scott Rosenberg, as Matthew Diller is on vacation. Fall moves should be sent or phoned to him, since he'll be back. Once again, his address is 85-07 Avon, Jamaica, NY 11432, phone 212-AX7-8446. In case you need it, my number (Scott Rosenberg's) is 212-969-3555. Fall 1901 moves are due at midnight, Friday September 6. I am at present waiting for a Boardman Number, and hope to receive it soon. Hope.

YOUNGSTOWN VARIANT GAME OPENING!

We have openings in one game of the Youngstown Variant at a fee of \$5, which includes receipt of TPA as long as you're in the game. At the present moment Youngstown maps are scarce, so if you're entering the game and already have a map, tell me so. If you don't, I'll attempt to get them for you.

We still have openings in at least one more game of regular Diplomacy. I already have three people who've paid me; I had hoped to start another game this issue but haven't had enough response. Our apologies to those who will now have to wait. Fee is \$5, as above.

Encouraging news about the Fall of Rome tourney: about five people have inquired and it now looks like we may start it next issue. The scenario will most likely be scenario V: The Huns.

All of the editors will be attending DISCON II, this year's World Science Fiction Convention, to be held in Washington DC. We're looking forward to meeting any and all of the Diplomacy people that may be there.

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THE POCKET ARMENIAN is a magazine of postal Diplomacy & related & unrelated matters. Subscriptions are 10 for \$2. Game fee is \$5, including sub as long as you're in the game. TPA is published on every third Saturday, and runs ten to twelve pages (usually twelve). We welcome contributions, paying four free issues per contribution published. Send all missives to the above address.

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PAI PRESS

(ROME) -- It was announced today that Count von du Halfwitte, the German-born pretender to the throne of Tuscany, was shot as a traitor after being found guilty of attempting to sell state secrets. Unconfirmed reports state that Halfwitte made his mistake when he attempted to sell the Italian invasion plans of London to the Italian Chief of Naval Operations. Halfwitte tried to claim political asylum at the Swiss embassy but was refused when he attempted to tip the ambassador thinking he was the doorman. All sources were unavailable for comment.

(LONDON, Jan. 22, 1901) -- All of the British Empire is mourning the death of Queen Victoria. Edward VII now ascends to the throne.

(LONDON, March 23, 1901) -- After nitcing the deteriorating conditions on the continent and the inability of King Edward VII to effectively deal with it, the government of Prime Minister Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil, 3rd Marquee of Salisbury, has established the new post of British Consulate and called Don of Kellogg to serve. A young man of 27 years was noted as saying "This is Britain's finest hour!"

We have a stand-by list, and if you want to be put on it, just write us. At present, the only ones on it are Steve Tihor and Ron Kelly.

Might as well state our policy on press releases. We will not edit press as far as obscenities and/or racial slurs are concerned... however, if we feel that a particular release is very and/or too offensive, we will return it and not publish it. And we may edit a little as far as grammar is concerned... this may be distasteful to some, but if I didn't, some of this issue's press would be unintelligible.

PLEASE don't send cash in the mail!!! I'm not accusing anyone you understand, but it seems that the ONLY letters that disappear ("lost" in the mail) are those that contain cash. So far two people have had this happen to them.

WHAT'S GOING WRONG AT SPI?

by Scott Rosenberg

A few years ago, when Simulations Publications Inc. broke with tradition and began to publish games at the rate of twenty or so a year, there were many yells from traditional corners to the effect that they'd run out of ideas for games, or that the games would become stereotyped. It is to the company's credit that neither of these possibilities has come to pass.

For the greater part of the time that SPI has been pouring out games, the company has maintained a fairly high standard of quality and the games were, in general, well received. Recently, however, I feel that many of SPI's new games have lacked something. This is probably not obvious to most players, because many of the games I base the above conclusion on are still in the playtest stage, or have just been published. My many conversations with SPI playtesters, whom I assume to be an accurate cross-section of wargamers, have led me to that conclusion.

I must digress a moment here. I have long felt that SPI's system for rating games is inadequate, in that it does not allow for a quality that I choose to call "playing interest". This quality is really a combination of playability, graphics, and realism (but it is not identical to realism -- too much realism can destroy a game's playing interest). This quality is the intangible that distinguishes a game that is played once or twice until the interest wears off from the game which is considered "classic".

If a player is personally interested in the subject of a game, his interest in the game automatically increases. Therefore, for this person, there should be something in the game that appeals to his interest -- historical designations, historical set-up, optional rules, etc. ((A note on the subject of historical designations: it seems that the only games SPI is including historical designations with anymore are hypothetical games (cf. Operation Olympic and Seelowe).))

As far as graphics are concerned: if a game is not presented properly, then no matter how good the game itself is, it will lose much of its playing interest. A good example of this is 1914. With the newer techniques developed since 1914 was published, the game (if published now) would be received much better. The same holds true for playability -- if a game is very cumbersome, it will lose in playing interest.

Anyhow, I think that much of the reason for the apparent decline in quality of SPI games stems from the fact that too much emphasis is being placed on playability and realism, without any attention paid to those "recognition factors" that make a game interesting. Designers of diplomacy variants may understand this: you can't design a variant on a totally made-up or hypothetical board because it will not give players any sense of "I've been here before" and thus will be uninteresting.

I will now take into consideration a number of games that are most obviously causes of the downward popularity trend and try to discuss why. Firstly, THE EAST IS RED. This game suffers from the same problem mentioned above. Because it is a "hypothetical simulation" (a contradiction in terms) players are not familiar with the situation. The game's components do little to relieve this: the map does not have many place names, and the units are devoid of all information except size, type, and movement/combat strengths. The article included in the accompanying issue of S&T deals in vagaries and gives very little specific information on the hypothetical Sin-Soviet war.

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR presents a problem of a slightly different form. Most players are somewhat knowledgeable, if not fully informed, about the war. In such a situation, the best thing the game's publishers could do is to play on this, giving background for the special rules in order to give players insight into the game system, and including specific information with which the players could "play out the war" in their heads. The ideal situation would include one possibility which the game encompassed during one of the playtest versions: players could name their leaders. Thus, if you have a special place in your heart for General Braxton Bragg, or have a leader who consistently fouls things up in the grand tradition of General McClellan, you can play out your fantasy. While the game with this rule was being playtested, delighted cries of "Sherman's burning Savannah!" or "Lee just killed Grant in one-on-one combat!" were the norm. Instead of these marvelous possibilities, you're handed a game with leaders that are distinguished by letter only.

Another gripe I have with the game is the fort rules. During the Civil War, there was NEVER a line of forts that tripled the effectiveness of an army. The only forts that were ever attacked during the war (Henry and Donelson) were wiped out. If the designer meant these forts to represent those fortifications such as existed around Washington, they took considerably longer than three months to construct. If the forts represent field fortifications, these took a bit less than a season to construct. This is an example of what occurs when the designer provides no information as a basis for important special rules.

Finally, I am going to mention STARFORCE: ALPHA CENTAURI, which is to be published within a few weeks of this publication, if not sooner. I playtested this game through most of its career, in each of the different versions. At no point did I find anyone who said that he liked the game. Its biggest problem was that it provided players no anchor-point of familiarity. It was not based on any known science-fiction story, based instead on a somewhat faulty and insipid (in my opinion) "future history". Anyhow, all the units in the game are the same! It is extremely abstract, and many if not all of the scenarios can be precalculated mathematically to determine the winner. All these factors combine to make the game one that does not recommend itself. (I may end up reviewing this more fully next issue).

The main point I have been trying to make here is that in order for a game to be truly successful, it must not only combine elements of playability and realism, but must include some basis for the player to recognize what is really happening in the game, some reference point for the gamers' mind to build upon when playing the game.

THE HONIG RATING SYSTEM

by Michael Honig

What?! Another rating system? Why, you may ask, would anyone want to add to an already existing plethora of rating systems? Obviously, because I feel that I can improve on the existing systems.

Basically, when the idea first occurred to me, I had three objectives: 1) simplicity; 2) a system that would reduce the incentive for draws, and increase the incentive for completed games, and 3) a system that would be a fair indicator of a player's true strength. It should also be expressed in a simple, compact form that would indicate simultaneously the average competence of a player and how many games were used to arrive at that average.

With that in mind, I decided to use the standard college indexing system as a starting point. That is, assign each finish a value and divide the sum of all accumulated values by the number of games a player has completed.

A player would receive 1 point for a seventh place and rise to 7 points for a first place. A draw would be worth $1/4$ (or .25) points more than the lowest place in which the drawing players would finish. For example, three players involved in a three way draw would receive 5.25 points each, or $1/4$ point more than a third place player. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh place players would receive their normal point values.

When the average rating would be given, it would be expressed in one form composed of two parts: 1) number of games completed, in ratio to 2) average rate of success. Thus, if one of the drawing players above had just completed his first game, his rating would be indicated as follows: 1:5.25. At a glance, this indicates that he is roughly a third place finisher, but that the average may not hold true, because the number of games completed is negligible.

Now, let us assume a more experienced player was being rated, and his record was as follows;

First Place: 2 (14 pts.)
Second Place: 3 (18 pts.)
Third Place: 1 (5 pts.)
Fourth Place: 2 (8 pts.)
Sixth Place: 1 (2 pts.)
Two-Way Draw: 2 (12.50 pts.)
Four Way Draw: 1 (4.25 pts.)

His total number of games completed would be 12, allowing for a fairly dependable average. That would be divided into a total point accumulation of 63.75, leaving a result of approximately 5.312 when carried to three decimal places, which would be adequate in most cases. The final rating would thus be expressed as: 12:5.312. This shows that, over twelve games, the player in question tended to do better than a third place finish or a three way draw, indicating a strong player.

This system would, I feel, discourage draws, and encourage One-Two alliances, as a first place is roughly 17% better than a second place, whereas a two way draw is only a shade over 4% better, if the point differences were expressed in quantitative terms.

John Boardman is having a special sale on back issues of his 'zin GRAUSTARK. All available back issues except giant-size ones are \$5 each. His address is in last issue.

((The following story was written in "round robin" style during that most abhorrent of times, Gym Period at Alma Mater. This explains some of the -- er -- inconsistencies in the story. We feel that although it is flawed, it does deserve to see itself in print. It is too long to publish all in one issue, so we will do it by installment. Here goes:))

MY SUMMER WEEKEND ON NANTUCKET -- Part I

by Greg Costikyan, Adam Kasanof, and Scott Rosenberg

I dropped two inches. The machine had worked! Here I was, March 12, 480 B.C., Nantucket Island on Sol III. The Phoeniceans appeared, their ships' red sails gleaming in the sun, the serpents on their prows glaring at me. I backed into the woods, as the diffusionist theory of American discovery was proven once and for all.

Then, a giant burnt ochre sphere of light descended from the sky. Two lizard men stepped out and said "We come from Arcturus!" "I come from Brooklyn," I replied. "We have monitored your television broadcasts from the twentieth century. That is how we know English." "Philadelphia Cream Cheese," one of the lizard men said. I stared blankly. One of them asked, "Why do you not smile? In your broadcasts everyone smiles when you say 'Philadelphia Cream Cheese'. Hellman's Mayonnaise." This time I smiled.

The Phoeniceans were having problems now. The lizard men terrified them. They bowed down on their knees, just as the sphere of light descended to take the lizard men back to Arcturus. The Phoeniceans, being in a religious mood, and their object of worship having flown away, began to bow down to me. A feeling of power swept over me.

"KON-TIKI!" they bellowed. "Huh???", I said. Suddenly they had a change of heart. A Phoenicean spear started towards me. Twenty Indians appeared behind me. An Indian arrow thwacked into a nearby oak. I pulled out my .45 Smith & Wesson and fired into the Phoeniceans. They closed in on one side, the Indians on the other. The burnt ochre sphere descended once more. "Get in!" yelled the lizardmen. "We'll head 'em off at the pass!" I climbed in.

All of a sudden, the bottom of the sphere dematerialized and I found myself falling into a band of angry Phoeniceans on the deck of their ship. "HELP, HELP!!!" I screamed, but the lizard men only replied, "No savee english, bossman." I hit the deck with a loud PHLUPE sound and lay there in a daze, watching the Phoeniceans close in around me. They parted to allow a bearded, purple-cloaked figure with a large golden dagger to pass among them to where I lay. He raised his fiendish looking X-acto over his head, evidently planning to sacrifice me.

I managed to raise my head off the deck and called out "HEINZ KETCHUP" at the top of my lungs. Suddenly the Phoeniceans fell to their knees, and the bearded priest dropped his sacrificial blade to the deck and bowed down with the others. As I looked up I saw the Lizard-mens' burnt ochre sphere hovering over Nantucket bay, playing the sound-track of "West Side Story" at 78 rpm, and utterly terrifying the Phoeniceans. The music stopped, and I heard one of the lizard men call out, "No tickee no washee, no savee ketchup biz, number one son."

"We seen Charlie Chan movie, learned English much gooder!" I managed to stagger to my feet just in time to see a band of Crusaders on Uni-cycles firing their lasers intermittently at an azure sphere of light that had settled on the ground near a large oak. A six-foot cockroach stepped out of the sphere, and, apparently oblivious to the Crusaders' laser beams, uttered the words, "That's one small step for a Sirian, one giant leap for Sirian kind." The Phoeniceans had resumed their cry of "KON-TIKI!" at the tops of their lungs, and were also doubtless yelling for mercy in whatever language it is that Phoeniceans speak. The Sirian cockroach had been joined by a companion roach, and the Crusaders were yelling "Yield, Varlet!" and "Off the Pigs!!" at the two Sirians, who responded by blanketing the area with sneeze gas.

The Phoeniceans suddenly stopped screaming and split up into two groups, about equal in size. One began screaming "RA! RA! RA!" while the other resumed with "KON-TIKI!". They charged at each other with great fury. I was now witnessing two monumental battles: one between the Sirians and Crusaders, the other a Phoenicean civil war. In the meantime, the lizard men had slipped the Crusaders a can of "6-12", and they proceeded to poison the cockroaches. Finished with their Sirian prey, the Crusaders saw something behind me. It turned out to be three Viking longboats. The crusaders let out a cry of "INFIDELS!!!" and charged after them.

In the ensuing melee, I would have been trampled over, had I not hid under the nearest boulder. As I placed the boulder over the entrance to what I now discovered was a cave, I knew I was doomed. Something clanged shut behind me. Three red people with beards and pitchforks confronted me. The air grew hot, and one of them said, "Welcome to the realm of Satan. We hope you'll enjoy your stay here, he he he!" The second one said, "Don't listen to that creep. I am Pluto, and this is Hades, best accomodations anywhere." The third one said, in suit, "They're both crazy. I am Hela, and this is Hel, nices7place to stay below Midgard!"

A man stepped out from behind Hela, and I noticed he was a lizard man. He said, "Agent 66, what in heck is this, anyway?", as he flipped open his wallet, displaying an FBI card. "Heck," I said. "Go to hell!" He said. "I'm already there," I answered. He sighed, and turned toward Satan. "Okay, commie, get 'em up. We've been watching you for a long time." Satan laughed.

Everything became occluded by misty red clouds, and I woke up to find myself in the cave, but with a Viking poised over me, axe ready for the death'blow. I remembered what little I knew of Swedish, and said, "Odin Drinks Coca-Cola!" He answered, "The water of life that is -- Coca-Cola!! That which made Odin wise and blind in one eye!" "Coke's the real thing," I agreed.

I walked out of the cave. The lizard men were right outside. They said, "Hey! Hey, bud! Over here! Okay, kid, it's time we quit fooling around. Your world's in grave danger of temporal displacement. Look at that mess!" I looked out at Nantucket Bay. The Indians were whooping, and joined the Crusaders. The Vikings yelled "Fiend!" at the Phoeniceans. They yelled, "Nyet Comprehende Anglaiski," and got off their ships.

A Phoenicean yelled "Magna Communistas est et Praevalet!" A sea serpent swallowed the ships and a mermaid gamboled in the waves. A jet with Russian insignia headed in the general direction of what would be New York -- in 2,500 years. Thirty or forty azure spheres

of light floated down. The Crusaders, Indians, Pheniceans and Vikings banded together and yelled "Kill the dirty insects!" while the Sirians, coming out of their spheres, yelled "Yeesh! Kill the dirty mammals!"

One of the lizard men said, "Now you listen good, buster, we seen a John Wayne movie and gussied up our talkin' a mite. Now in order to keep the time warp at an acceptable level so's we can repair it fer good, nothing can happen in this time continuum which didn't happen in the base time continuum after three o'clock. In other words, you gotta make the Phoenixeans, Crusaders, Sirians, Vikings, Spicans, and Vegans vamoose before three, or else yer in Big Trouble." "Spicans, Vegans?" I queried. "When did they land?" "They haven't yet," but they're about to. We can just make it in time to watch them land."

An orange polka-dot sphere of light and a pink trapezoid landed. Two things which I assumed to be Spicans jumped out of the sphere, and some mushy blue Vegans tumbled down from the trapezoid. They splattered on impact, creating a blue, gucky, slithery mess that spread slowly. One of the dying Vegans managed to squeak "Ik nee-a Vi zerbl." I was informed later that this was Vegan for "gravity". The Spicans, large hairy things with horns, cavorted and cajoled over the field making no noise. One of the Indians sais, "Me makum good statue and sell to Grwat White Father."

I got up on a boulder and shouted, "Friends, Spicans, Vegans, Crusaders, Indians, Sirians, Phoenixeans, and Lizardy-people! Now is the time for all good --er-- creatures to come to the aid of their time continuum!" They replied, "We come to bury you NOT to praise you!" The Spicans said, "Yrrk ip okk syrvo eeasnee?" They advanced at a gallop and produced magenta belts that they wore around their mid-riffs. I turned to the Arcturians to discover they had left without a trace. I quickly shouted "wait" at the Spicans. They stopped dead in their tracks, and I turned to face them.

"Now, you guys want to kill me, right?"

"Rklyoi swa rheal!"

"Now, I'll make a deal with you. If I can prove I'm better than you, you'll buzz off and never return, but if you prove you're better, you're free to kill me." "Okay," said the Spicans who for the first time answered in English. "But how will we decide who's better?" "We'll play a game, and the winner is best," I answered. "Fair enough," they answered. "But what game will we play?" "How about high jumping?" one said. "My record is ninety feet!" "No, I have a much better game. It's called Guts. I'm sure you'll like it." "Okey dokey," they replied. "How do you play?"

"It's very simple," I replied, hastily pulling two sticks of dynamite from my pocket as I spoke (I always carry a couple). "Whoever can hold one of these sticks in his mouth longest is the winner."

"Sounds okay to us," said a Spican as I handed each of them a stick and watched as each placed his firmly in his mouth.

"I'll let you go first, and to be sure that no trickery is involved, I will stand far away behind yonder rock," I said, as I pointed to a large boulder some twenty yards away. "Now, when I say go, ignite the fuse at the end here with this," I suggested as I handed my lighter to one of the Spicans and quickly vacated the area. I crouched behind the rock and shouted "GO! I'm timing you!" with my fingers firmly planted in my ears. I mentally counted off the seven-second burning time of the Certified M.B. & A.S.G.N.Y. (Mad Bombers & Anarchists Society of Greater New York) fuses on the dynamite.

TO BE CONTINUED!!!!!!

THE POCKET ARMENIAN HOUSE RULES FOR ALL POSTAL DIPLOMACY GAMES

1. These rules are to be considered as additions to the 1971 Edition of the Diplomacy rules.

2. All country assignment will be done at random, unless otherwise specified before a game begins.

3. All players who have paid a game fee to The Pocket Armenian will receive the magazine as long as they are in the game. All substitute players, stand-by players, and replacements must maintain a subscription as long as they are in the game.

4. Of the various seasons that compose a game-year (Spring moves, Spring retreats, Fall moves, Fall retreats, and Winter adjustments) Spring retreats will be published with Fall moves and Fall retreats with Winter adjustments. Players may make moves and/or adjustments (builds & removals) conditional on retreats. If a player requests the suspension of conditional orders on a movement turn, and the Gamemaster deems this request valid, he will undertake to obtain the retreat(s) from the player(s) involved after the season's results have been made known, and privately notify the players of the retreats. In the case of Winter adjustments, if there are none such the Gamemaster will point this out when fall moves are published, and the next deadline will accordingly be for Spring moves. Otherwise, Winter adjustments will always be considered a separate season, unless there is an appeal from a player, in which case the Gamemaster will decide. Winter adjustments may be made conditional on Fall retreats, which will be published with the Winter adjustments.

5. If orders that have been sent in to the Gamemaster are illegible, the Gamemaster may discard them. In all cases it is the Gamemaster who decides whether moves are legible or not.

6. Orders may be revised any time before the deadline, with the player held responsible for pointing out to the Gamemaster which set of orders is the one to be used. The most convenient way to do this would be to number the sets of orders sent in. If the player does not indicate this to the Gamemaster, the set of orders to be used will be determined by postmark, with the latest postmark being the set of orders used. If postmarks are illegible or some other problem arises, the set of orders to be used will be chosen at random. The Pocket Armenian assumes no responsibility for the (all-too-frequent) errors of the USPS.

7. Moves may be phoned in to the Gamemaster, but the Gamemaster assumes no responsibility to be at home to receive such a call.

8. A player may assign his position to a substitute for a period not exceeding one game-year (as defined in case four above). A player may not have a substitute take over his position for a period exceeding one game-year without the express permission of the Gamemaster.

9. If a player misses a move, a stand-by will be assigned to his position. This stand-by will send in moves for his position to be used in case the regular player misses his moves again. In such a case, the stand-by will take over and become the player of that country.

10. If a player misses a 1901 move, neutral moves will be obtained. If he misses another move, procedures of rule 9 above apply.

11. When a player misses his moves, and some of his units are dislodged, he is allowed to retreat those units.

12. The editors of the Pocket Armenian will determine the deadlines for all moves. This is a receipt deadline, so MAIL EARLY!

13. The editors of the Pocket Armenian may never move the deadline up, i.e., make it earlier. They may, however, extend it, if they should see fit to do so. If they do, all players will be notified as soon as possible. If a player feels he has a legitimate reason for an extension, he should inform the Gamemaster, who will decide on it.

14. A unit ordered to a location not on the board, or asked to make an action other than a legal one, will have its order considered to be an order to hold, and thus may be supported in place. A unit ordered to make an impossible move to a location on the board will have its order considered to be as written, and unsuccessful, and thus may not be supported in place.

15. When a unit is dislodged, the player must specify a retreat or annihilation. If a unit has no place to retreat to, the Gamemaster will annihilate it automatically. Otherwise the player should submit his retreat (or annihilation) with his next moves. If he misses his next moves, the units are considered annihilated. If two or more units are ordered to retreat to the same location, the location is considered to be vacant due to stand-off, and the retreats must be recomputed. If one of the units has only the one location to retreat to, and the other unit(s) have other locations to retreat to, that unit retreats to the original location, and the other unit(s) must retreat elsewhere. If more than one of the units has only the original location to retreat to, those units are eliminated.

16. If required removals are not received by the gamemaster, units will be removed in the following descending order of preference: farthest in actual spaces from nearest home supply center; fleet before army; non-supply-center before supply-center; randomly by the gamemaster.

17. Victory is achieved when one country, after a winter season, owns a majority of the supply centers (18) on the board.

18. A game will be declared a draw when no supply center has changed hands within three consecutive game years. The players, with unanimous consent of surviving players, may declare any result they wish. The following notation will be used for clarity: draw indicates all of the players will share equally in the win. Conceded draw indicates indicates that selected players in the game receive equal parts of the win. Concession indicates that one player wins. Armistice indicates that players are tired of the game, and it is abandoned.

19. The following notation is used: underlined moves fail, others succeed. Support and convoy orders that do not accomplish their purpose are not printed as failing. The following abbreviations are used: A, army; F, fleet; -, moves to; C, convoys; S, supports. If a unit is ordered to stand (hold) the unit and its location are printed. If a unit must retreat, its order is printed followed by "(-location)" where location is(are) the place(s) the unit may retreat to. Always allowable but never printed, is the annihilation option.

20. Locations are abbreviated by the first three letters of their names, except: Norway, (Nwy), Norwegian Sea (Nwg), North Atlantic (NAt), North Africa (NAf), North Sea (Nth), Gulf of Lyon (GLyo), Eastern Mediterranean (EMed), Western Mediterranean (WMed), Livonia (Lvn), Liverpool (Lvp), Tyrolia (Tyo), Tyrrhenian Sea (Trn). Players need not use these as long as their orders are clear.

21. All decisions of the Gamemaster are final. Additions to these House Rules, when published in The Pocket Armenian, shall be added on to these and considered a part of them.

((Last issue we mentioned the New York Wargaming Club. Well, some of the people there have been working on variants, expansion kits, and the like. We were asked if we would like to publish some of these, and answered with an enthusiastic "yes". In future issues we may bring you the 1944 scenario for World War II. This issue, however, we have part of an exhaustive listing of units for Kampfpanzer. Two weeks ago, John Fernandes brought down to the club his "Compleat Kampfpanzer" which, besides the units you'll be seeing here, included about twenty different mapboards for whatever possible situation you could think of, including Burma, Kursk, WW I, Stalingrad, Iwo Jima, and on and on. Here, however, we present:))

THE KAMPFPANZER SYSTEM COMPLEAT: By John Fernandes

Part 1: The German Units.

Unit	AS	Type	Range	DS	Mvt
JgPz I	5	A	10	1	10
A/C					
222 --	2	M	5	2	20
232	2	M	5	2	16
Puma	6	M	15	3	18
233	2	M	5	2	24
234/75*	9	-	20	3	16
PzI --	5	R	5	1	12
Pz II f	2	M	5	3	11
PzIII d	5	A	10	3	11
PzIII G	5	M	15	7	11
PzIII j	6	M	15	7	11
PzIV e	5	M	20	4	10
PzIV f	9	-	20	7	10
PzIV h	10	-	24	7	9
PzV	12	-	22	10	11
PzVI a	11	-	30	11	9
PzVI b	12	-	30	13	8
Stug.					
IIIfa*	5	M	20	8	10
IIIf*	9	-	20	8	10
V*	12	-	30	11	10
StuH42*	H		50	8	8
Wespe*	H		100	2	10
Hummel*	H		50	3	10
AT					
37mm* --	3	A	5	4	0
50mm*	7	M	10	4	0
75mm*	9	-	20	3	0
88mm1*	6	M	45	1	0
88mm2*	9	-	45	2	0
20mm/4*	8	M	10	3	0
37mmAA*	3	M	10	3	0
105mm*	H		100	2	0
150mm*	H		100	1	0
81mm/M	H		20	3	1
120mm/M*	H		50	1	0

NOTE: an asterisk signifies that this unit must obey the facing rules (9.4).

The Last Page (At Last!)

Recently I have been receiving a lot of my mail with a sticker attached. This sticker is round, yellow, and has a large "C" on it. Does anyone know what this signifies?

Let me explain what the address codes mean:

a number -- the issue that your sub runs out

"T" -- we trade with you

"C" -- You're Conrad von Metzke, and I'm waiting for a Boardman number.

PA1 -- You are in that game, and will receive TPA until you are not in it anymore, or it ends (if you last)

(PA1) -- You are in that game, but did not pay a game fee (i.e., you took over as a stand-by, or are a substitute). You must maintain a regular sub. This code is followed by the number issue that your sub runs out.

Our circulation now approaches fifty. (Rejoice Ye Multitudes!)

((Sure.)) I don't know yet about a playtest game of 260 AD, as Gil Neiger hasn't told me about his plans for THE PLAYTESTER.

Next Issue: Part II of My Summer Weekend On Nantucket; Another variant, this time on the Thirty Years War. It is not European in scale, but rather encompasses Central Europe and the surrounding powers. Plus: More articles, Part II of Compleat Kampfpanser, and the Usual Drivel.

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